

# Wicked Game

**orphan\_account**

## Wicked Game by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

After college, you never expected to find yourself back in Derry.

But here you are, back in your home-town. Working in a diner and living just a couple of blocks away from your parents.

And, to add insult to injury, your long-term boyfriend has decided to dump you, out of the blue and over the phone. Despondent, you head down to the Barrens with a shit-ton of beer, planning to drink your sorrows away.

You're not alone, though...

Say hello to Daddy, {y/n}. He's very pleased to meet you.

Prequel to the 'My Funny Valentine' series. If you haven't read any of the others yet, I recommend that you start with this one. For those of you who are familiar with my work, I'll post a list of the reading order of the entire series once it's finished. But yeah, this one is first.

# Wicked Game

## Author's Note:

- For [Mualhani](#), [Beastlybfs](#), [DJSpidersGeorg](#), [hotrockcandy](#), [LuckyRedBalloon](#).

Hello again, my lovely sewer folk!

More orphan clown trash from me. I can't stay away for long, ha-ha!

Still working on those ideas I mentioned in an earlier entry, so this is just a smutty one-shot to tide you all over before the next big one. I've got three more works in progress after this little piece, so there's more to come very soon.

I wrote this at speed during a free hour, so apologies if it's not up to my usual standards. I was a little bit drunk too. Ugh. I just had a nagging plot-bunny and I realised that I hadn't addressed the backstory behind Reader's involvement with Daddy. We know how 2017!Penny came onto the scene in this series, but we didn't know how Reader ended up as 1990! Penny's 'babydoll' in the first place...

Until now, that is.

As always, any prompts/comments/criticisms are greatly appreciated.

Recommended Playlist:

E.T. Futuristic Lover ~ Katy Perry

Hello Earth ~ Kate Bush

Landfill ~ Daughter

Decode ~ Paramore

Bad Romance ~ Lady Gaga

Heartlines ~ Florence and the Machine

Heart's a Mess ~ Gotye  
Sugar, We're Going Down ~ Fall Out Boy  
China Girl ~ David Bowie  
Light My Fire ~ The Doors  
Something Just Like This ~ The Chainsmokers and  
Coldplay  
Pompeii ~ Bastille  
Born to Die ~ Lana Del Rey  
Sad Girl ~ Lana Del Rey  
Serial Killer ~ Lana Del Rey  
Your Only Doll {Dora} ~ Laura Marling  
Wicked Game ~ Chris Isaak

**10th June 1984.**

*"I'm sorry, {y/n}."*

You hang up, the words ringing in your ears, and then you head into the kitchen. There's an eight-pack in the refrigerator, ice-cold and singing your name, and you take four cans and shove them into your pack, moving slowly, *sluggishly*, as though you're in a dream.

*A nightmare.*

You pause, staring into the refrigerator, and then you take the remaining cans too, your mouth twisting ruefully.

*I'm gonna regret this tomorrow, but fuck it.*

You leave the house, walking briskly into the warm night, letting your feet take you away, take you *anywhere*. You don't care. You pass your parents' house after a while and you pick up the pace, hoping that they don't see you out here, slinking into the darkness.

The air is alive with cricket-song and the promise of hot summer days to come, but the streets are deserted; there's a curfew in place, because of the disappearances.

*The murders.*

You catch sight of a poster, tacked to the side of a mail-box; another missing child, another victim of Derry. A shiver runs through you,

raising the hairs upon your arms and at the back of your neck, and you walk faster, keeping your head down.

And then you're heading out of town, across the bridge and down into the wild foliage, into the Barrens, your childhood playground. You would spend hours here, when you were a kid, drinking and smoking, laughing with your friends. Good times, despite it all.

*Despite the helplessness and the horror of this town.*

You pick your way through the trees, climbing up to the top of the slope overlooking the old reservoir, where you and your friends would swim during the height of summer. It's quiet up here, quiet and so *still*, but for the crickets and the gentle rush of the water below. You settle upon the edge, dangling your feet over the void; you can see all of Derry from here, stretched out like a tiger in the distance.

*Sleeping, for now, but always watchful.*

*Always dangerous.*

You're starting to think that you hate this town. Maybe you're always hated it, or maybe you're just resentful that you're back here, that you're *stuck* here, when you could be somewhere else. You hadn't planned on coming back after college, not for a few years anyway, but it had seemed like a good idea at the time.

Go home, spend time with your family and your old friends, get a job and save some money.

The world could wait, until you were ready for it.

And then...

*Kevin. You and Kevin. Travelling. Eating and drinking and fucking your way around the globe, making new friends and memories. Finding a job, a real job, in New York. The Big Apple. You would find a tiny apartment and fill it with photographs, with laughter and love, and with the bizarre souvenirs you had picked up during your wanderings. You'd hang a picture of Derry somewhere, for old times' sake. Over the toilet, maybe. Would come in handy, if you ever ran out of toilet paper.*

That had been the plan, anyway.

But here you are, almost two years on.

*Trapped.*

Working in a diner, busting your ass for a pittance, and living in a rented house only a couple of blocks away from your childhood home, where your parents still live. Your sister isn't there, though. She is travelling through Europe, with her glorious English lover, sending letters and postcards that turn you green in the face with envy. Your little sister is living *your* dream, but you can't hate her for it; because you *love* her and you're glad that she has done it, that she has managed to escape.

*Still, it hurts.*

*The future you had planned is slipping through your fingers, like grains of sand, and you're powerless to stop it.*

*And now you've lost Kevin, too.*

The world could wait, but he couldn't, apparently.

*"I'm sorry, {y/n}..."*

Four years, four *fucking* years together, and that's how he ends things with you; over the *fucking* phone. It had taken less than an hour. Forty-three minutes, to be exact. Forty-three *minutes* to kill a four year long relationship.

*Shit.* You had been talking about getting engaged. You'd been thinking about *marrying* him, maybe having *kids* with him, someday.

*But he couldn't wait.*

Kevin is living it up in New York and you are stuck here, in Derry, worlds apart. *Galaxies* apart.

*"I can't deal with this anymore, {y/n}. It's just not working for me."*

If it had just been down to the long-distance problem, then you could

have understood it, but you know the truth. There's someone else. There *has* to be. That's why he has been so *off* with you, so reluctant for you to visit or to make plans with him. That's why he hasn't been answering your calls, until tonight.

"Fucking bastard. Shitty *fucking* bastard."

You reach into your pack for a can, popping the tab and relishing the *hiss*. The beer goes down well, cold and smooth, frothing upon your tongue and numbing the sharp edges of your mind. Before you know it, you've drained two cans and most of a third. The rational part of you is irritated that you've allowed that bastard to affect you like this; drinking yourself into a stupor over a man is not your style, it never has been, but you're too angry to give a shit.

You roll the can between your hands, gazing morosely at the dim light of Derry.

And then, with sudden horror, you realise that you're not alone.

*There's someone standing behind you, near the treeline.*

*Watching you.*

You can *feel* it.

Swallowing hard, fighting to keep your cool, you turn your head... and you blink your eyes, once, twice, struggling to process exactly what you're seeing there, shifting out of the gloom towards you.

*A clown.*

*A man in a clown-suit.*

Geez. It's lucky that you're not scared of clowns, otherwise the sight of him standing over there might have given you a nasty turn. You quite like clowns, actually. Not in *that* way, but yeah, you don't mind them at all.

Still, clown or not, he's a stranger and you're a vulnerable young woman, alone in the darkness. You know better than to let your guard down. You eye him closely, allowing your gaze to drift over his



weird get-up.

He's taller than you, broad across the shoulders and chest, with a bald pate and wild tufts of bright red hair. The suit is a good one, silk by the looks of it, with a yellow breast and striped sleeves. A white ruff and orange pom-pom buttons. His makeup is good, too. Stark white face, red nose, blue and black shadows around the eyes.

*A red mouth, the lips tilted into a bemused smile.*

He's holding a balloon, tied to a string.

A red balloon.

You're mesmerised by the sight of it, floating in the air, but then he releases the string, allowing the red balloon to drift away into the night until it's little more than a pin-prick, against the silhouette of the moon.

You blink again, the spell broken, and then you manage a tentative smile of your own, "Hey. You're a little early for the carnival, pal."

He is silent for a long moment, weighing you up with those dark eyes, and then he starts to laugh, gleefully, as though you've just told the funniest joke that he's ever heard.

His laughter, ringing out through the darkness and the despair; it's a good sound, a *pure* sound, like the laughter of a happy child. You can't help but laugh with him, despite it all.

*It's infectious.*

He moves to sit beside you, crossing his legs, and then he extends a gloved hand, "The name's Bob. Bob Gray. But you can call me Pennywise, the Dancing Clown."

His voice is rough and rasping, and yet pleasantly mellow. There is a hint of an accent there; New York? The Bronx? You can't quite place it, but you decide that you like it.

You raise an eyebrow, amused and baffled by this strange twist of fate, "It's nice to meet you...*Pennywise*. I'm {y/n}. You can call me...

well, {y/n}, I guess.”

You take his hand and shake it. He has a firm grip.

You don’t really know what to say, so you fall back on small-talk, “So, are you here for the carnival?”

He shakes his head, still smiling, “Not exactly. Derry’s an old haunt of mine. Haven’t been here in a *long* time, though. Too long. Thought it was high time that I dropped by for a visit.”

You raise your eyes, meeting his gaze, and *oh*...how could you have thought that his eyes were dark? His eyes are blue, bright blue, *electric* blue, burning through you like a wildfire.

You’re still holding his hand. Flustered, you drop it, fixing your attention upon the can cradled between your knees. The clown notices your sudden reticence, and the can, and his pale brow furrows with concern, “So, whatcha doin’ out here, {y/n}? Pretty thing like you shouldn’t be out here on your own, not this late at night.”

You shrug, “Drowning my sorrows, I guess.” You offer him a beer, which he accepts with another *incredible* smile, and then you settle back, with a deep sigh, “I’ve just been dumped.”

Pennywise’s mouth twists in sympathy and he folds his gloved hands upon his lap, “That’s too bad, sweetheart. Wanna talk about it?”

You don’t, not really, but you look into his blue eyes and, somehow, it all comes pouring out. Kevin, the phone-call, your hopes and dreams, your helplessness, all of it; you spill your guts to this stranger, this *clown*, and he *listens* to you, *really* listens, murmuring sympathetically.

When you’re finished, breathing hard from the exertion of baring your soul, Pennywise reaches over to pat your thigh, his eyes bright and warm, “Sounds like you’ve had a pretty rough time, babydoll.”

*Babydoll.*

Geez. A strange older guy in a clown-suit is putting the moves on

you, has called you *babydoll*, and you're not objecting. *Not in the least.* You should have given him a piece of your mind, you should have took off running by now; you would have, at any other time. *If you were in your right mind.* You're used to creeps hitting on you and you know how to deal with them.

But somehow, this feels different.

This feels *right*.

*Babydoll* feels right.

You want him to say it again.

"Yeah. Yeah, it's been rough."

You can feel his eyes upon you, flickering over your face and body. Disconcerted, you chug at your beer, trying to ignore the fluttering of your heart. The damn thing is *pounding* within your ribs, like a caged bird beating its wings against the bars. You drain the can and let it slide from between your fingers, the dregs staining your skirt with dark droplets. You don't care, though. You feel light-headed, you feel *drunk*, even though you know that you can't possibly be drunk; you've only had three cans.

*He put something in my beer.*

*He's drugged me.*

Your mind races wildly for a moment and then you look at the clown. He *smiles* and your cunt *melts*.

*Yes, you're drunk.*

*You're drunk on him, on this stranger.*

*This clown.*

"Pennywise..." You scoot closer to him, your eyes wide with a silent plea, "Penny..."

Still smiling, he presses a gloved finger to your lips, "Daddy. Call me

Daddy, babydoll.”

“Daddy.”

Again, it feels right.

Wrong, *heinously* wrong, but so *fucking* right.

“That’s my girl.” Pennywise curls his hands into your hair, petting you, and you arch into his touch, whining like a needy bitch. He smirks, his fingers tightening, “You wanna get fucked, baby? Hmmm? You want Daddy’s cock? Come on, I need to hear you say it, princess.”

You whimper, clawing frantically at the soft folds of his clown-suit, “Yes, yes I *want* it, I want it *now*, please...”

He brushes his red lips across the curve of your jaw, his breath warming your face. He smells so *good*, like popcorn and burnt sugar, and the heavy reek of cigar-smoke underneath it all. You wriggle in his arms, trying to get closer, to wrap your legs around him. The clown removes his hands from your hair, trailing them down your spine, and then beneath your skirt, his fingers grasping at your buttocks.

“Poor baby. You just need someone to look after you, don’t you? You need someone to *fuck* you, fuck you hard and deep, every damn night.”

His words send a thrill rippling through your body.

*Oh yes, I need it.*

*I want it.*

Pennywise chuckles darkly, holding you flush against him, upon his lap. You can feel his cock rising beneath you, hard against your core, and you roll your hips with a plaintive moan. He shushes you gently, crooking a finger around the thin material of your panties, “Patience, baby. Daddy’s here now. Oh yeah, Daddy’s gonna take real good care of his babydoll.”

With one deft twist of his wrist, he manages to slide a gloved finger into you, meeting no resistance. You're so wet for him, so *ready*, and his finger glides right into your cunt, hilted to the knuckle.

"Mmm." Pennywise runs his tongue across his lips, devouring you with those blue eyes, heavy-lidded with lust, "That boy of yours doesn't know what he's missing, baby."

You can't speak. Your mouth is slack, your eyes rolling back and forth, and all you can manage is an undignified grunt. The clown smirks, his finger slipping out of you, and then he grasps you by the waist, positioning you over his lap.

You don't get a look at his cock. Before you know it, your panties are around your ankles and your cunt is stuffed full, clenching desperately around his thick shaft.

"Geez. Oh, *fuck*."

It's been so long.

*Too long.*

Pennywise chuckles, trailing his tongue along the lines of your exposed throat, as you throw back your head and sink your fingers into his shoulders.

"Come on, baby. Move that sweet ass for Daddy."

It takes a few minutes for you to adjust to the feeling of him inside you, to find a rhythm and roll with it, but the clown is patient with you. You grind on his dick, your hips juddering wildly, your tits bouncing, and you're almost screaming, almost *crying*, when he drags his thumb over your slick folds, over your *clit*.

*Holy shit.*

"That's it, doll. Ride me, ride my fat cock, princess." Pennywise thrusts up to meet you, his breath roaring, his rasping voice chanting a litany of obscenities, "You gonna cum, {y/n}? You gonna cum for Daddy? Yeah, that's it. Cum for Daddy, sweet thing. Cum on my cock."

He bites down upon your shoulder and you *hiss*, jolting against him, as your cunt quivers and burns around him...

And then he pulls away, pulls out of you, and you're empty, so fucking *empty*, sprawled on your back in the dirt, screaming out his name as you cum and he shoots his load across your limp frame.

Shuddering, you drag yourself up and curl into his lap, and Pennywise strokes your hair, murmuring soothingly, "There, baby. You really needed that, didn't you? Hmm? All pent up and neglected. Poor little thing..."

Once you've finally recovered enough to stand without fearing that your knees might buckle, you gently untangle yourself from the clown's arms, smiling ruefully as you fumble with your panties.

He smokes a cigar, watching you, "That was nice, baby. Real nice."

"Yeah." You don't know what to say. You're a little ashamed, now that it's over. Still, you manage an apologetic smile, forcing yourself to meet his gaze, "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

"I did." Pennywise's voice is deadpan, his eyes solemn, and then he lets out a raucous burst of laughter, slapping his thigh, "I came over you. *Get it?* Okay, but seriously, you might wanna take a shower, baby. Wash your hair, maybe. I was aiming for your tits, but I think I missed."

Sure enough, you can feel a patch of sticky wetness amidst your tousled locks, when you raise your fingers to your head.

The clown shrugs, grinning mischevously, "Oops."

You roll your eyes, stooping to retrieve your jacket and the discarded cans, "Don't worry about it. I'll shower when I get home."

Pennywise doesn't seem in any great rush to go anywhere. He lights another cigar, his blue eyes drifting towards Derry, "You gonna come see me again, baby?"

"Maybe." Your mind is reeling, your body is aching, and you're already starting to regret this. You figure it's easier to tell him what

he wants to here, and then you can get out of here, and go home to bed, “Yeah. Yeah, I’d like that.”

The clown smirks, “It’s a date.” He flicks his cigar over the edge of the rock-face, into the water below, “Run along home now, princess. It’s gettin’ late.”

You take his advice, gladly, and you set off, walking as quickly as your trembling legs will allow.

It’s past midnight when you finally reach the house. You lock up, peering through the curtains to make sure that he’s not out there, that he hasn’t followed you home, and then you slump into bed, with an exhausted groan.

You’re asleep within minutes, dreaming of moonlight and red balloons.

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The next morning, Frank wakes you up, lapping at your cheek with his rough tongue. You grimace, pushing the cat away with a soft murmur.

*Shit.*

Your head is pounding.

You turn hazy eyes over to the clock, ticking away upon your bedside table.

**9:34.**

*Oh, shit!*

You’re late for work.

No time to shower, or make coffee, or *think*. You throw some clothes on, brush your teeth, bundle your hair into a loose pony-tail, and then you're out of the door, sprinting into town.

You give some half-assed excuse about your alarm flaking out on you and then you throw yourself into the job, keeping your head down. One of your colleagues knows that something is up, though. They needle you all through your shift, trying to get you to talk.

Eventually, you cave, and you tell them about Kevin and the break-up, eliciting sighs of pity and murmured outrage.

You don't tell them about the clown, though.

You don't tell *anyone* about the clown.

Work keeps you busy and you're grateful for it. You really don't want to think about Pennywise.

*What the fuck was I thinking?*

*I'm not meeting up with him again. No fucking way.*

But somehow, you end up hanging around the Barrens again, a couple of hours after sunset. Part of you is hoping that he won't show, that he has forgotten all about you, but another part is already screaming his name, going wild with some sick yearning for him.

He does show up, eventually. He's still wearing the clown-suit, and the makeup, and his dedication to the role is starting to freak you out a little.

But his eyes are so *blue*, and his voice is rough and husky...and oh, his gloved hands play your body like a finely tuned instrument, until you're shuddering out your release in his arms.

The clown fucks you into oblivion again, and then again the next night, and the *next*, until a whole week has passed by, in a blur of strange magic.

You keep telling yourself that you won't do this, that you won't go to him, but it's just so *good*.



He makes you feel so *damn* good.

---

On Sunday afternoon, you find yourself in the library, perusing the densely packed shelves for something to take your mind away from the bizarre situation with the clown.

You browse for a little while, before finally grabbing a couple of horror paperbacks and heading to the desk, your library card tucked into the flyleaf of *The Rats*, by James Herbert.

“Hmm. Not your usual fare. You hankering for a cheap thrill, {y/n}?”

Mike Hanlon stamps the books and smiles up at you, his brown eyes twinkling.

“Yeah.” You murmur, shifting on the spot, “Something like that.”

Behind you, Jeff Reeves roll his eyes. He slides a low-grade pulp novella onto the desk, “How’s it going, Mike?”

“Same old.”

You stand to the side, groping through your purse. The librarian and the cop are talking about the latest murder, in hushed and serious voices. Last weekend, a gay couple had been ambushed by some local assholes after attending the town fair. One of them had been killed; beaten up and thrown over the bridge.

*Horrible.*

*Just horrible.*

You aren’t really listening, though. You’re looking for your sunglasses.

“Yeah, the other little queer is really shaken up.”

“Not surprising.” Mike Hanlon replies dryly, obviously displeased by the cop’s choice of language, “His partner has just been murdered.”

Jim Reeves is nonplussed, checking through his wallet for his library card, “He’s saying that there was a clown under the bridge.”

Your purse slips from between your fingers, spilling the contents across the linoleum floor.

“A clown?”

You can’t help yourself; the words are out before you can even think straight. Your hands are shaking. Jim Reeves snorts, stooping to gather your things, “Yeah, a clown. Pretty crazy, huh?”

Behind the desk, Mike Hanlon is staring at you, his eyes wide and piercing, as though he is seeing you, *really* seeing you, for the first time in his life. Jim Reeves hands over your purse and grabs his book, “Well, see you later, Mike.”

“Oh. Yeah, catch you later, Jim.”

You turn away, ready to leave, but Mike Hanlon grabs your elbow, his fingers biting deep into your skin. He lowers his voice, his tone sharp with urgency.

“You’ve seen him, haven’t you? You’ve seen *IT*.”

You shake your head, trying to twist free, “I don’t understand...Mr Hanlon, please...I don’t know what you mean...”

“The clown, {y/n}. Pennywise.” Mike Hanlon looks into your eyes, searching their depths for the truth, “You’ve seen him.”

Trembling, you shake your head again, “No, Mr Hanlon. I really don’t know what you’re talking about, honest.”

Realising that he has frightened you and that you’re not going to talk, the librarian sighs heavily and settles back in his chair, releasing his grip upon you, “Okay. Okay, {y/n}.” His solemn gaze drifts to the

books clutched against your chest, “Just be careful out there. Don’t go out after dark, not on your own. It’s too dangerous.”

“I won’t, I promise.”

Mike Hanlon favours you with a tired smile, “Go on, kid. Get out of here.”

---

You head straight home, with Mike Hanlon’s words echoing in your head.

Once the chores are done and Frank has been fed and let out for the evening, you lock the door and draw the curtains, before crawling into bed with your books.

You’re exhausted, though. Probably because of all those late nights down at the Barrens. Three and a half pages into *The Rats* and your eyelids are drooping, your breathing slowing to a shallow hiss.

*Fuck it.*

You put the book aside and slide out of bed, moving across the room to close the door and dim the lights.

*Much better.*

Slipping beneath the sheets, you curl your knees up against your chest, humming contentedly.

“Well, isn’t this cosy, babydoll?”

You sit bolt upright, your heart pounding, clutching the covers to your breasts. The door is open and Pennywise is leaning against the frame, his arms folded, his blue eyes raking over your body.

“H-how the f-fuck did you get in h-here?”

“Does it matter?” The clown chuckles, moving into the room, the door slamming behind him. He perches upon the edge of your bed, one gloved hand creeping across the sheets towards your petrified form, “You look mighty snug there, princess. Aren’t you gonna invite me in?”

He tweaks the covers away, exposing your bare skin, and you let out an indignant squeak, “Hey, quit it! Leave me alone!”

“Quit it, leave me alone!” Pennywise mimics you, his voice affecting a mockingly shrill tone, “That’s not what you were sayin’ last night, baby.” He climbs into the bed beside you, dragging you into a rough embrace, “Aww, what’s wrong, doll? You don’t like me anymore? You don’t wanna play with Daddy?”

You squirm helplessly in his arms, panic flooding through your body, “It’s *you*, isn’t it? You’re the killer...”

The clown rolls you beneath him, suffocating you beneath his bulk, and you gasp for air, trying to wriggle free. Growling, he clasps a hand over your throat, until stars dance in your vision. Still, you don’t let up. You want answers. You want the *truth*.

“Y-you’re the killer, aren’t you? You’re the one who t-takes the children. You’re a m-monster...”

The hand upon your throat presses down *harder* and you start to wheeze, desperately throwing your head back and forth, until the clown finally relents. He pulls away, keeping you trapped beneath him, and then he smirks down at you, his mouth twisting cruelly, “Whatcha gonna do about it, baby? You gonna stop me? Go on, then. *Try it*. I’ll snap your neck like a *twig*, girl.”

And suddenly, his blue eyes are *changing*, turning *red*, burning through you like an inferno.

And his teeth...

*Oh god.*

"Y'know, if I am a big ol' monster, then you really oughta keep me happy, right? Keep me *sweet*. That's what a *smart* girl would do." The clown runs his tongue across his teeth, his *fangs*, grinning as you lapse into slack-jawed terror, "You're a smartgirl, aren't you, {y/n}? You're a *good* girl..."

You moan pitifully, your vision blurring with tears, "What *are* you? Oh shit, what the fuck *are* you?"

Pennywise chuckles, "You don't need to know, babydoll. You don't *want* to know." The shadows shift across his face. He blinks, his expression softening, and the red fire melts away from his eyes. He smiles and lowers his face to yours, pressing a light kiss against your quivering lips, "You're *mine* now, {y/n}. You got that?"

You nod frantically, your body shaking uncontrollably beneath his weight, "Y-yes..."

"Yes?"

"Yes." You swallow noisily, tears spilling down your face, "Yes, Daddy."

"That's my girl." The clown winks, pinching your cheek between thumb and finger, "Now, you keep your pretty mouth *shut*, and your legs open for me, and I think we'll get along just *fine*." He shifts, allowing you to slide away from him, "Well, I was gonna fuck you tonight, but I think I'll have to leave you high and dry for now, baby. All this tension is givin' me an appetite."

Pennywise flashes you a toothy grin and heads to the door, leaving you upon the bed, collapsed and sobbing.

"Don't wait up for me, babydoll."

He disappears into the night and, out there in the darkness, Derry trembles with anticipation,

Shivering, you press your tear-stained face into the pillow, trying to shut out your buzzing thoughts and the world around you.

*Oh man...*

*I fucking hate this town.*